ECLIPSE COMICS™
SPECIAL ISSUE!
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№ 12
the NEW WAVE™
AMERICA'S #1 TEAM
YOU CAN'T PUBLISH THIS!
AN IMPORTANT AND TIMELY STORY ABOUT TEENAGE PREGNANCY.
JWEEKS-86

The PENUMBRA

WRITE TO : ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 199 - GUERNEVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 16 3-D
Scout versus the mystery prisoner introduced last issue in a no-holds-barred fight, specially designed to take full advantage of the 3-D process.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 11
Chuck (Airboy) Dixon, Timothy (Scout) Truman and Scott (Silverheels) Hampton bring you three of this month's four outstanding science fiction stories.

THE DREAMERY no. 2
Beginning Lela Dowling's interpretation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Fans of fine fantasy art won't want to miss this!

AIRBOY nos. 15 & 16
Our heroes learn of the Senora's plans to cripple America. It's the Air Fighters against a sky full of Nazi bombers! Plus, Skywolf back-up features.

LEGION OF SUPER HEROES INDEX no. 3
Continuing the complete information and full cover reproductions of one of the most popular super-hero teams ever!

ZOONIVERSE no. 4
The Kren Patrol storm the Wedgecity and try to rescue the couriers from the jaws of the Skratewrenching Table!

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS no. 4
A survey into the delights of the small-press publishing phenomenon known as mini-comics. A wide variety of styles, which is sure to include something you're going to love!

THE NEW WAVE no. 13
Tachyon goes to New York and finds himself up against prejudice, robbery and sleaze. Plus, the Volunteers harass the rest of the New Wave about Dot's disappearance.

LUGER no. 3
The conclusion to the first Luger mini-series. Luger battles his way into the fortress to rescue the industrialist's daughter, and finds himself in a bigger trap!

MR. MONSTER no. 8
Doc Stearn has encountered many horrors too frightening to recount, but can any of them match—the Monster In The Automatic Teller Machine?

ALL-STAR INDEX no. 1
Beginning the definitive reference work on the world's first super-hero group—*The Justice Society of America!*

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 5
There's trouble at the Katnip Klub as the kats get involved in a fracas. Check it out and see what the great reviews are about!

REID FLEMING, WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN no. 2
Just as a cat has nine lives, Reid Fleming is allowed nine milk trucks, then the pink slip. Cats always land on their feet. Can Reid?

CROSSFIRE no. 19
The story of a network programmer who is dead set against ever getting caught actually doing anything, and of a mercenary who intends to kill Crossfire. Tune in to see if either gets his wish.

PORTIA PRINZ OF THE GLAMAZONS no. 2
Portia becomes queen, and her first job is to solve the Technological Crisis that confronts the Glamazons.

FASHION IN ACTION WINTER SPECIAL no. 1
Frances Knight travels to Egypt to face the ominous Doctor Cruel, and follow the F.I.A. as they uncover her darkest secret.

GOOD POINTS: A couple of thoughtful people have responded to my ramblings on the subject of my potential dual U.S./German citizenship. In their various ways, these folks mentioned that loyalty to one's "dirt" or home environment, and loyalty to one's favoured principles of government (in this case, Democracy) do not exclude acceptance of citizenship in another, similar, governmental system...and might lead me to enjoy an environment i would have otherwise missed.

They're right, but i'm not packing my bags and heading for the Alps! For one thing, i have since found out that the German government only entertains serious dual citizenship claims from those who are fluent in German...which i am not. My sister is, and so she's still pursuing the whole matter. Details and film at eleven.

SPEAKING OF HER: Remember when i gave you the current line-up for editorial chores and said there'd soon be a new editor hired? Well, we went and did it. LETITIA GLOZER, my sister, joins our editorial staff January 15th, 1987. For those who keep track of such things, she's tall, blonde, blue-eyed and not a bit like short, dark-haired, brown-eyed me. That's because my father is Sicilian and hers is one of those Anglo-Irish-Jewish hybrids they grow in Chicago. Letitia is 25, a college graduate, and yes, boys, she is still single! She'll kill me when she reads this!!!

MACK GETS PROMOTED: Mack Fraga, our production person, is, as of January 1st, Mack Fraga, Production Manager. More money for Mack...and with it, increased responsibilities, hassles, and (we hope) a towering sense of satisfaction in a multitude of jobs well done. Mack is a natural tidiness freak, and he's working late tonight, making sure that he's got positive and negative-reverse logos for all our titles, each in its own little envelope. He's also trying to find a good picture of an atomic bomb explosion. And he's sorting out the "slug drawer," where we keep—not shellless mollusks, but varied sizes of Eclipse emblems, price boxes, blurb type (FIRST ISSUE! ON SALE HERE! FREE 3-D GLASSES INCLUDED!) and stats of my signature to go at the bottom of this column. In the interest of match-making fairness, it should be noted that Mack is 27, good looking and also single! Hair and eye color on request!

Dean's also working late tonight. He's pasting up the **Eclipse Extra!** Sean is reading scripts to acquaint himself with a series on which he's just been made editor, and i'm in the type room tapping alphanumeric keys as if they were a tiny piano and i were a spastic pianist.

Some fun. All we need is more coffee.

AS PROMISED: Okay, here are the new editorial assignments...just remember, the list covers comics and books scheduled to ship far, far into 1987:

LETITIA GLOZER: **Spaced, Adolescent Radioactive Black Belt Hamsters, The Lost Planet, Mai the Psychic Girl, Whodunnit?, Kamui the Ninja.**

SEAN DEMING: **Champions, New Wave, Villains and Vigilantes, Guerrilla Groundhog, Rangers: ATF.**

FRED BURKE: **The Masked Man, Area 88, Enchanter, Liberty Project, Floyd Farland** one-shot, **Mr. Monster.**

BRUCE JONES & APRIL CAMPBELL: **Twisted Tales, Alien Worlds, Man O' War, Prison Ship, Man-Eaters of Tsavo, Silverheels** graphic album.

DEAN MULLANEY: **Stig's Inferno, Lars of Mars, Zorro** album, **Sacred and Profane** album, **Somerset Holmes** album, **Miracleman, Detectives, Inc.**

TIMOTHY TRUMAN: **Airboy, Hotspur, Winterworld** album.

MARK EVANIER: **Crossfire, DNAgents.**

LEX NAKASHIMA: **Fusion, The Dreamery.**

MICHAEL T. GILBERT: **Mr. Monster's** reprint series.

KEN PIERCE: **AXA.**

COLIN PARASKEVAS: **Zooniverse.**

CAT YRONWODE: **Valkyrie** mini-series, **Airmaidens** one-shot, **Air Fighters Classics, Scout, Scout Handbook, New America, Swords of Texas, Alien Encounters, Tales of Terror, P. J. Warlock, Kitz'n'Katz, Sisterhood of Steel** album, **Bullet Crow, Zot!, Reid Fleming, Portia Prinz, California Girls, Tales of the Beanworld, Georgia Tom** album, **Fashion in Action, The Prowler, Paper Dolls from the Comics,** and an as-yet untitled series known in the office as **"Strike Revenger."**

If anything major changes again, you'll be the next to know.

catherine yronwode

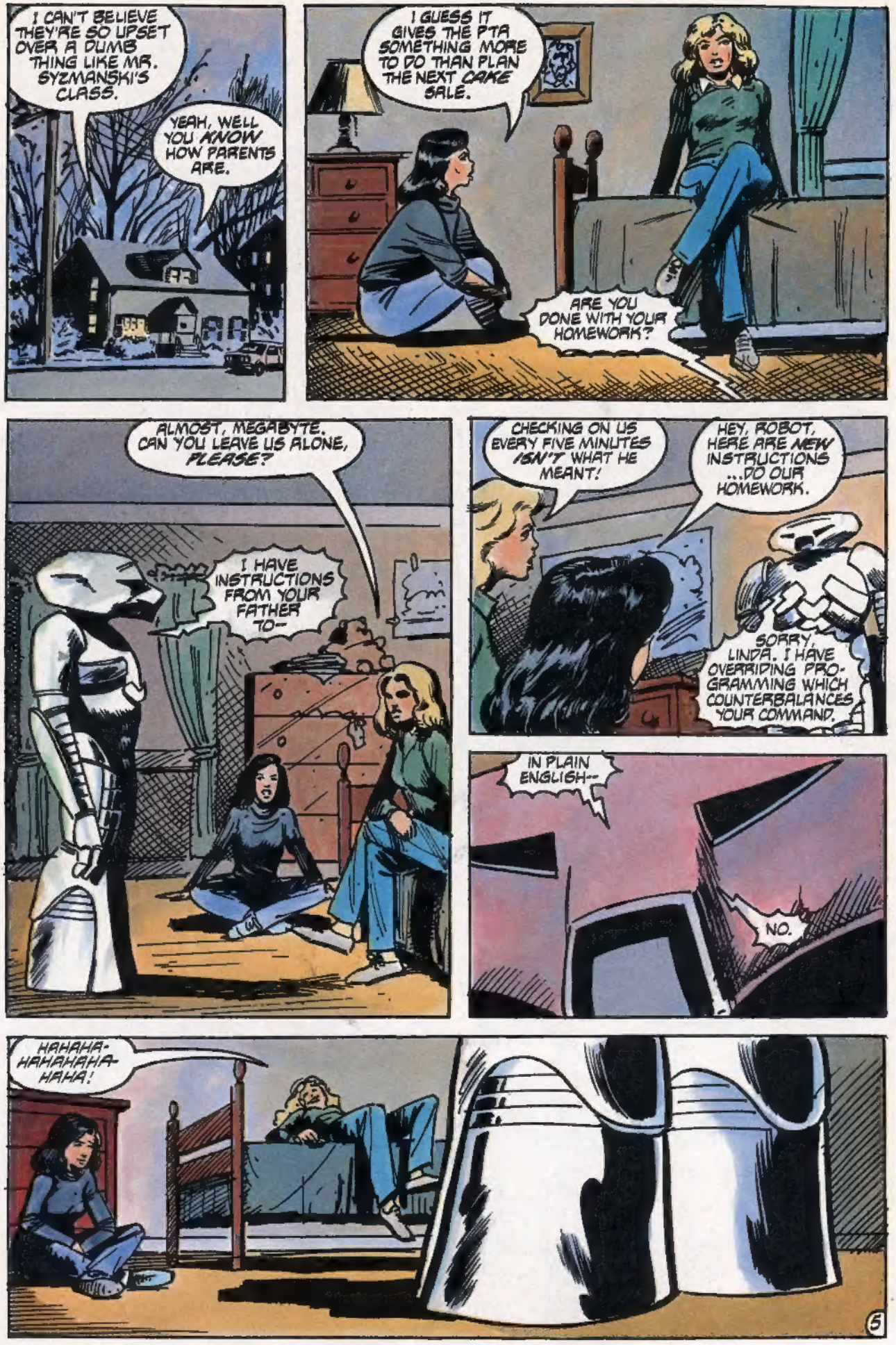
THE NEW WAVE™ no. 12, February 1987. Published monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Sean Deming, Editor. The New Wave, Tachyon, Polestar, Megabyte, Avalon, Impulse, Dot, and all other characters herein TM Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Story ©1987 Mindy Newell. Art ©1987 Lee Weeks. All other material ©1987 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and events in this magazine are fictional. Film by SM Graphics.

the SILENCED SCREAM

SO WE CAN SEE CLEARLY IN THESE PICTURES THAT THE BABY IS REACTING TO THE ABORTION--
--IS, IN FACT, FEELING INCONCEIVABLE PAIN AND DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD ON TO GOD'S MOST PRECIOUS GIFT...
...LIFE.
AN EIGHT-WEEK FETUS IS NOT A BABY, MR. CALWELL. NOT BY MEDICAL DEFINITIONS.
A QUESTION OF SEMANTICS, MR. SZYMANSKI...
...SEMANTICS THAT THE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT, AND THEIR STRONG LOBBY IN WASHINGTON, HAS FOISTERED UPON THE PUBLIC...
...WITH THE HELP OF ORGANIZATIONS SUCH AS NOW AND PROPONENTS OF THE ERA, BOTH OF WHOM HAVE THEIR OWN STRONG PULL IN DC.
BUT THE ERA FAILED TO PASS IN CONGRESS, MR. CALWELL. WHERE'S YOUR STRONG LOBBY?
WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT THE ERA HERE. I WANT TO KNOW WHY THIS FILM WAS SHOWN.
I THOUGHT THIS MEETING WAS ABOUT ESTABLISHING GUIDELINES FOR SEX EDUCATION IN THE SCHOOL.
2

THIS "MOVIE" WOULD SCARE MY KIDS, NOT EDUCATE THEM. MY HUSBAND'S A DOCTOR AND HE--
NO ONE'S SHOWING MY KID DIRTY PICTURES!
YOUR KID WAS SHOWING MY KID YOUR PLAYBOYS, JACK!
SEX EDUCATION IS THE PARENTS' RESPONSIBILITY, NOT--
THEY LEARN IT ON THE STREET ANY--
I OBJECT TO--
TEACH THE KIDS ABOUT IT AND THEY'LL ALL BE DOING IT!
THEY'RE DOING IT ANYWAY, ROSEANNE. I THINK--
OH, FOR CHRISSAKES, EVERYBODY, GROW UP!
RAP
RAP
RAP
RAP
RAP
RAP
RAP
PLEASE, WE MUST HAVE-- QUIET, EVERYONE-- PLEASE, SIT--

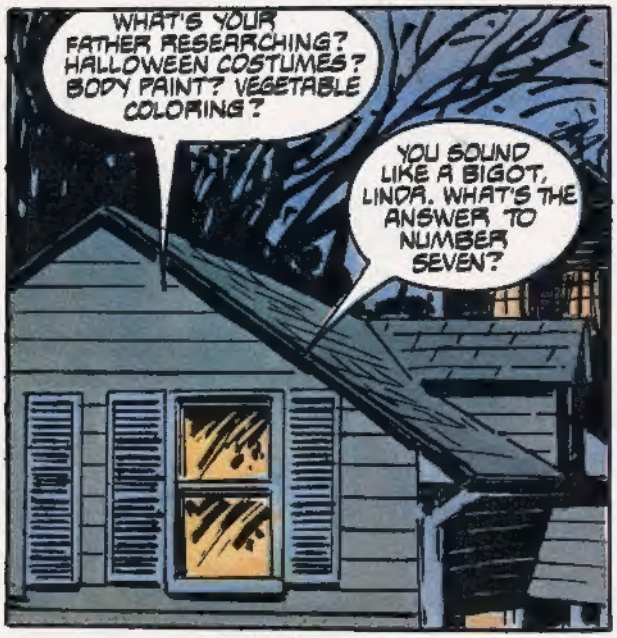
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE, I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENTS THIS SUBJECT CAUSES, BUT I SUGGEST WE ALL TRY AND CONTAIN THEMSELVES.
MR. SYZMANSKI IS THE HEALTH EDUCATION CHAIRMAN. HE HAS THE FLOOR.
AS FAR AS THE NEW HEALTH CURRICULUM, IT IS *NOT* A *HOW-TO* SEX COURSE. BESIDES...
...I HATE TO DISILLUSION SOME OF YOU, BUT OUR KIDS, MOST OF THEM, ANYWAY, KNOW ABOUT THE STRAIGHT *BIOLOGY* OF REPRODUCTION.
THOSE WHO DON'T YET, *WILL*. THEY'LL GET IT IN THE CLASSROOM, OR THEY'LL GET IT, AS ONE OF YOU POINTED OUT, ON THE STREET...
...OR IN THE CAR, OR AT THE MOVIES, OR ON THE X-RATED MOVIE YOU FORGOT TO REMOVE FROM THE VCR.
THAT'S A SIMPLE FACT OF LIFE THESE DAYS—
--A FACT MORE SIMPLE THAN SEX EDUCATION, OR DRUG EDUCATION, OR JUST PLAIN *EDUCATION*.
AND IGNORING *THAT* FACT IS LYING TO YOURSELVES.
4


I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE SO UPSET OVER A DUMB THING LIKE MR. SYZMANSKI'S CLASS.
YEAH, WELL YOU KNOW HOW PARENTS ARE.
I GUESS IT GIVES THE PTA SOMETHING MORE TO DO THAN PLAN THE NEXT CAKE SALE.
ARE YOU DONE WITH YOUR HOMEWORK?
ALMOST, MEGABYTE. CAN YOU LEAVE US ALONE, PLEASE?
I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM YOUR FATHER TO--
CHECKING ON US EVERY FIVE MINUTES ISN'T WHAT HE MEANT!
HEY, ROBOT, HERE ARE NEW INSTRUCTIONS ...DO OUR HOMEWORK.
SORRY, LINDA. I HAVE OVERRIDING PROGRAMMING WHICH COUNTERBALANCES YOUR COMMAND.
IN PLAIN ENGLISH--
NO.
HAHAHA-HAHAHAHA-HAHA!
5

I WILL BE BACK SHORTLY TO CHECK ON YOUR PROGRESS.
HAHAHA-HAHAHAHA-HAHA!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

YOU, TRYING TO GET HIM TO DO OUR WORK.
WELL, WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING A HOUSEHOLD ROBOT IF IT DOESN'T DO THE WORK FOR YOU?

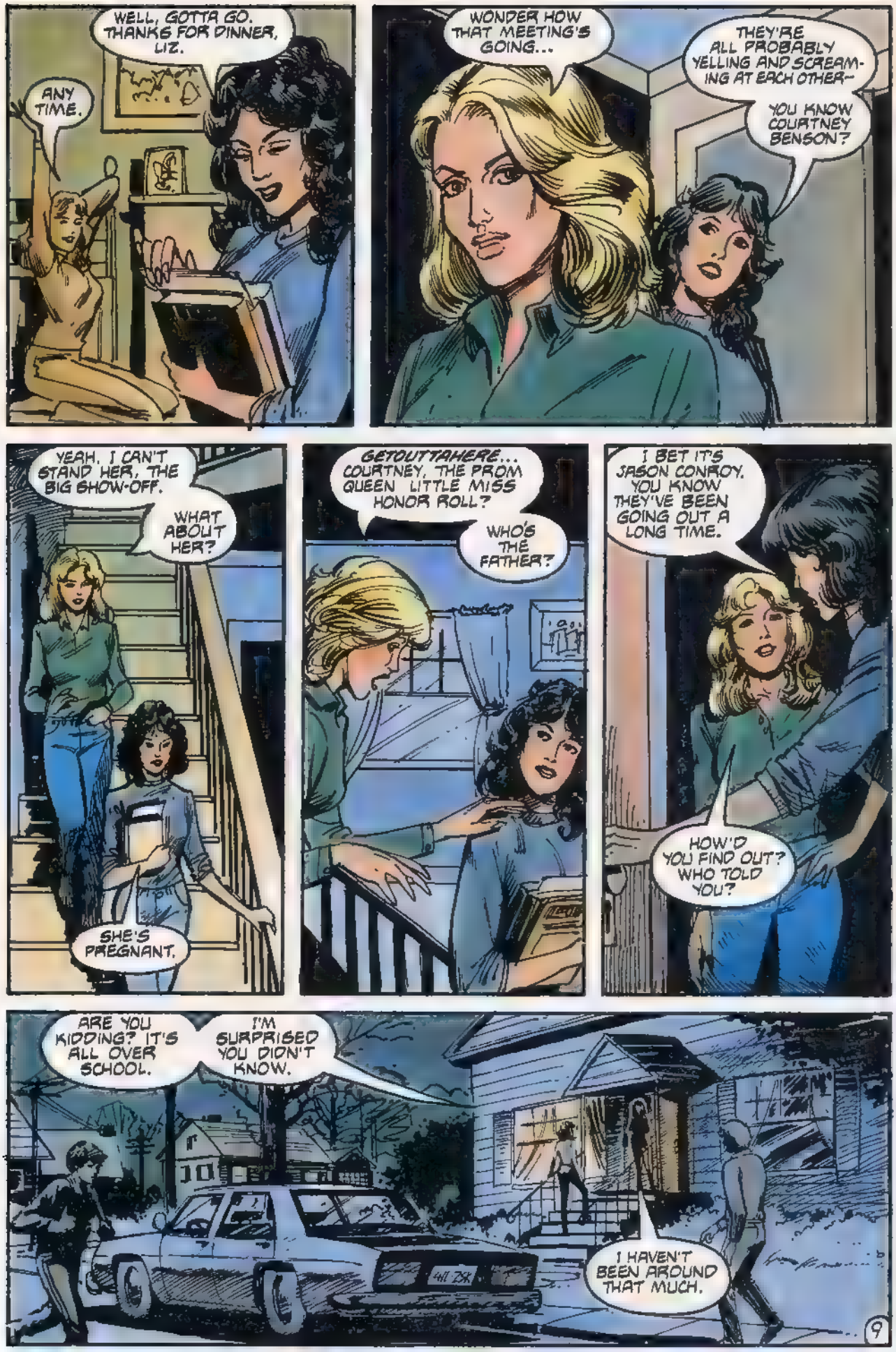
BUT I TOLD YOU, MEGABYTE ISN'T THAT KIND OF ROBOT. HE'S PART OF MY FATHER'S RESEARCH.
THAT BLUE-SKINNED GUY PART OF THE RESEARCH, TOO?
YEAH.


WHAT'S YOUR FATHER RESEARCHING? HALLOWEEN COSTUMES? BODY PAINT? VEGETABLE COLORING?
YOU SOUND LIKE A BIGOT, LINDA. WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO NUMBER SEVEN?

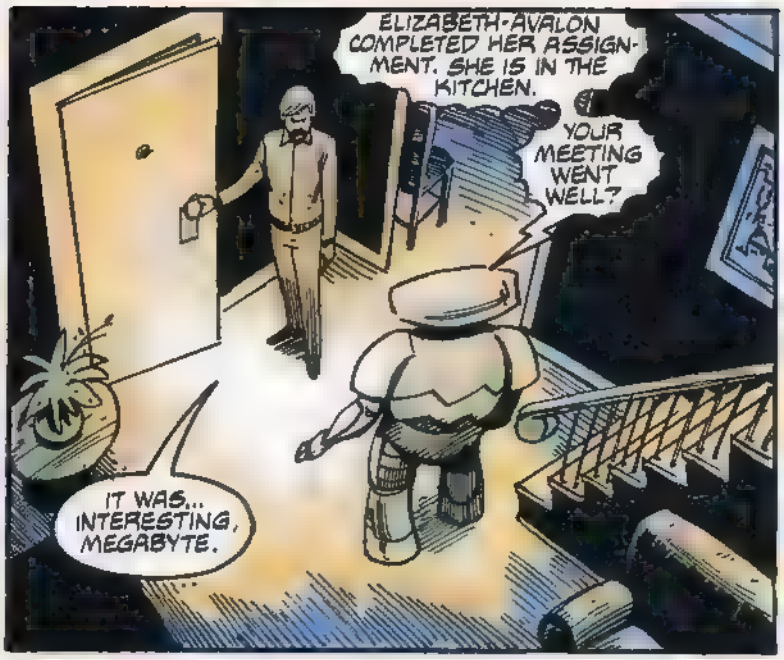
X=69.
I WAS JUST TEASING. ACTUALLY, I THINK TACHYON'S KINDA SEXY.
6

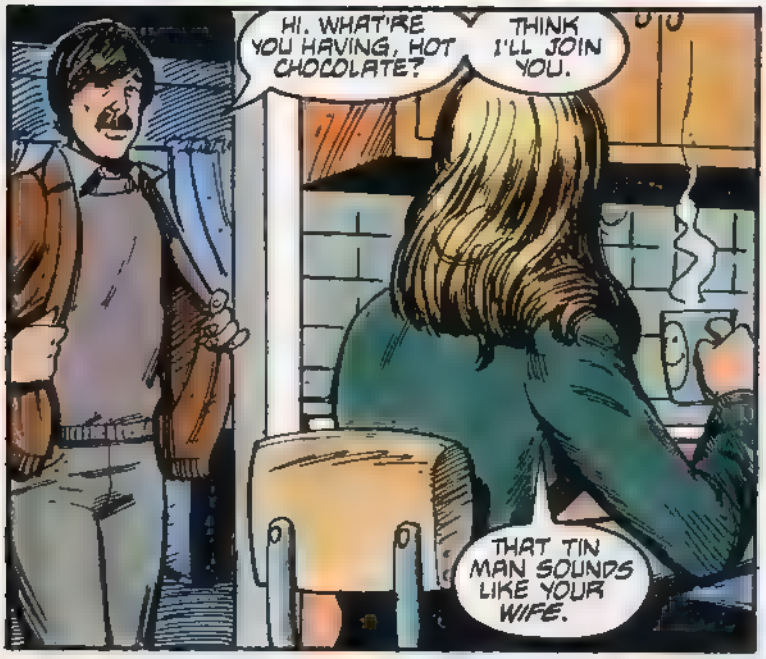
I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED IGNORANT, MR. SYZMANSKI.
EXIT
THAT'S NOT WHAT I--
MY SON KNOWS HE CAN COME TO ME OR HIS FATHER ANY TIME HE HAS A QUESTION.
I'M NOT TRYING TO TAKE OVER FOR YOU. THIS COURSE IS DESIGNED TO WORK IN CONJUNCTION WITH--
NOBODY'S KIDS TALK THAT FREELY WITH THEIR PARENTS, BARBARA. NOT MINE AND NOT YOURS.
IS IT TRUE THAT THESE NEW CLASSES OF YOURS WOULD BE CO-ED?
DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S STRETCHING THINGS A BIT FAR?
CO-ED CLASSES ARE THE NORM ALL DAY, EVEN IN GYM.
SEPARATING THE KIDS FOR THIS COURSE WOULD ONLY REINFORCE THE TABOOS.
SO YOU'RE SAYING NOTHING IS TABOO?
NEXT HE'LL BE TELLING US THEY'LL BE DOING IT IN THE AISLES FOR LAB CREDIT!
--NOT MASTURBATION? INCEST? CHILD PORNOGRAPHY? HOW ABOUT SODOMY, OR HOMOSEXUALITY?
I SAID IT BEFORE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN--
WHY DOESN'T EVERYBODY GROW UP?
7

GROW UP! GROW UP!! I SUPPOSE YOU TOOK BETH TO GET FITTED FOR A DIAPHRAGM WHEN SHE FIRST GOT HER PERIOD!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I ONLY MEAN—
SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH CO-ED CLASSES?
YEAH, BIG DEAL. WHAT A BUNCH OF PRUDES.
I READ IN TIME MAGAZINE THAT TEENAGE PREGNANCY IS A NATIONAL EPIDEMIC.
IN HARLEM, THEY'VE GOT A PROGRAM THAT CUT DOWN ON UNWANTED PREGNANCIES 60%.
DID IT CUT DOWN ON SEX, RUTH?
I NEVER WANTED CO-ED GYM CLASSES EITHER. I SAID IT WOULD LEAD TO THIS, DIDN'T I?
SO WHERE'S DAVID TONIGHT?
HE HAD A DATE WITH PAM.
RAP RAP RAP RAP RAP RAP RAP

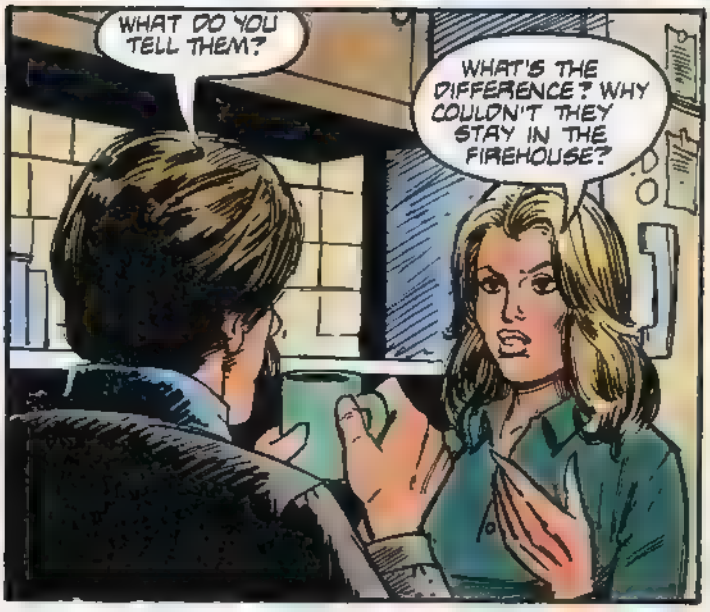

WELL, GOTTA GO. THANKS FOR DINNER, LIZ.
ANY TIME.
WONDER HOW THAT MEETING'S GOING...
THEY'RE ALL PROBABLY YELLING AND SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER--
YOU KNOW COURTNEY BENSON?
YEAH. I CAN'T STAND HER, THE BIG SHOW-OFF.
WHAT ABOUT HER?
SHE'S PREGNANT.
GETOUTTAHERE... COURTNEY, THE PROM QUEEN LITTLE MISS HONOR ROLL?
WHO'S THE FATHER?
I BET IT'S JASON CONROY. YOU KNOW THEY'VE BEEN GOING OUT A LONG TIME.
HOW'D YOU FIND OUT? WHO TOLD YOU?
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S ALL OVER SCHOOL.
I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T KNOW.
I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND THAT MUCH.
9

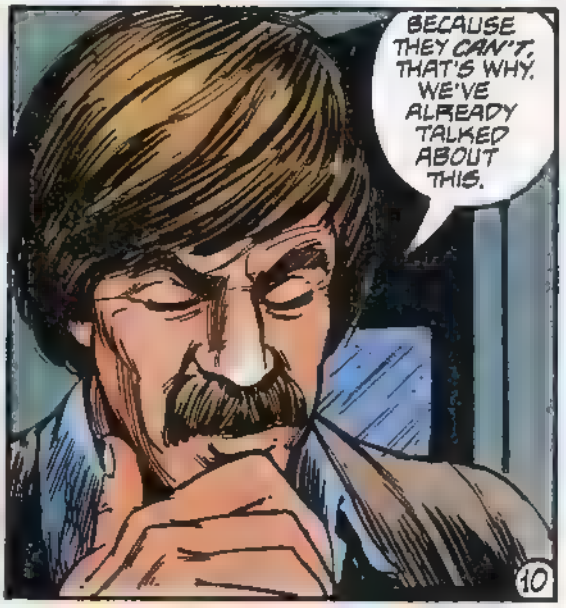
HI, PROFESSOR HOLMES. 'NIGHT, PROFESSOR HOLMES.

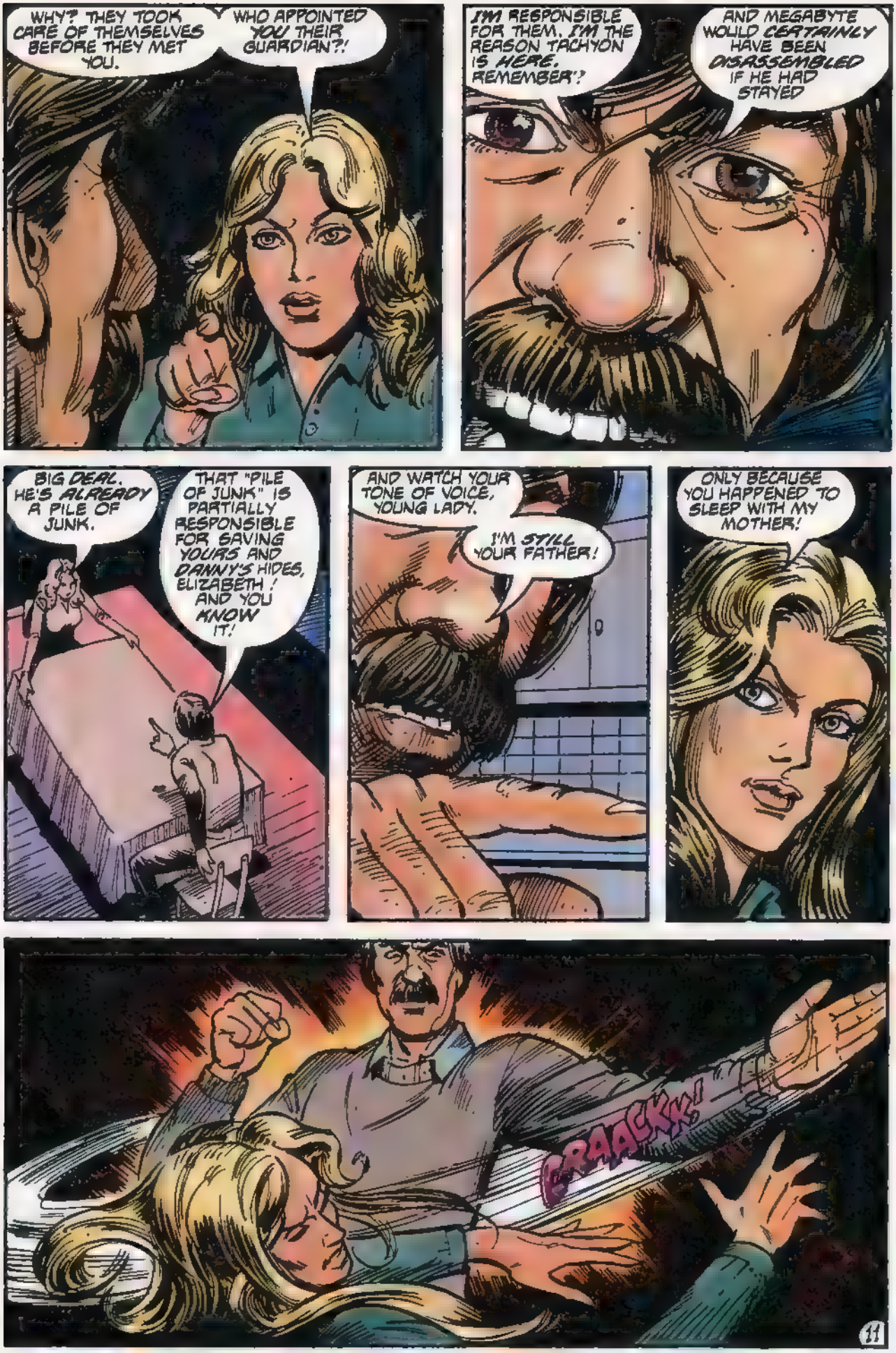

ELIZABETH-AVALON COMPLETED HER ASSIGNMENT. SHE IS IN THE KITCHEN.
YOUR MEETING WENT WELL?
IT WAS... INTERESTING, MEGABYTE.


HI. WHAT'RE YOU HAVING, HOT CHOCOLATE?
THINK I'LL JOIN YOU.
THAT TIN MAN SOUNDS LIKE YOUR WIFE.

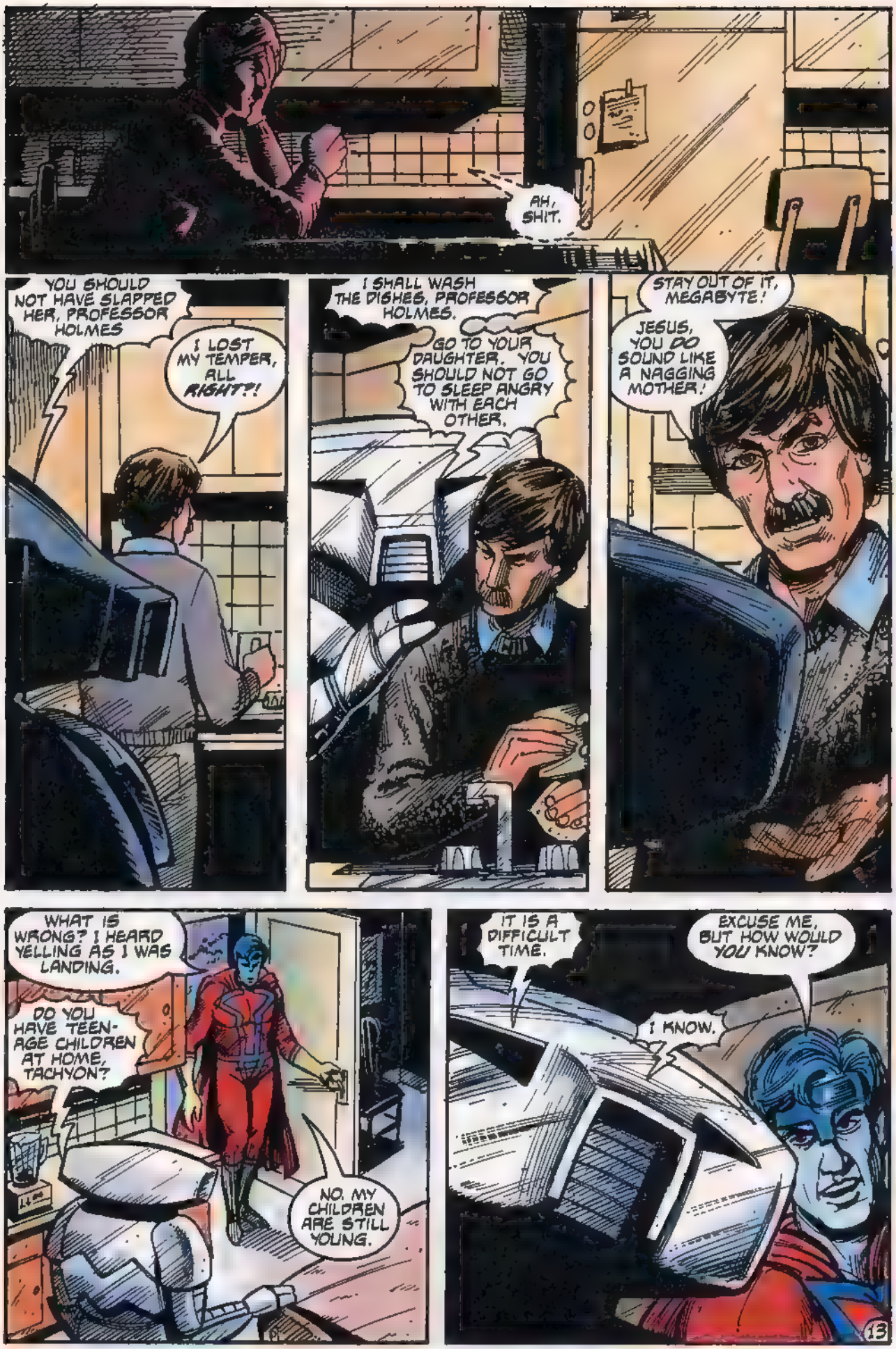
IT'S JUST HIS PROGRAMMING, LIZ. YOU KNOW THAT.
HE'S WORSE THAN GRANDMA WAS...KEPT COMING IN TO BOTHER ME AND LINDA.
IT'S EMBARRASSING. AND IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN HIM AND TACHYON TO MY FRIENDS.

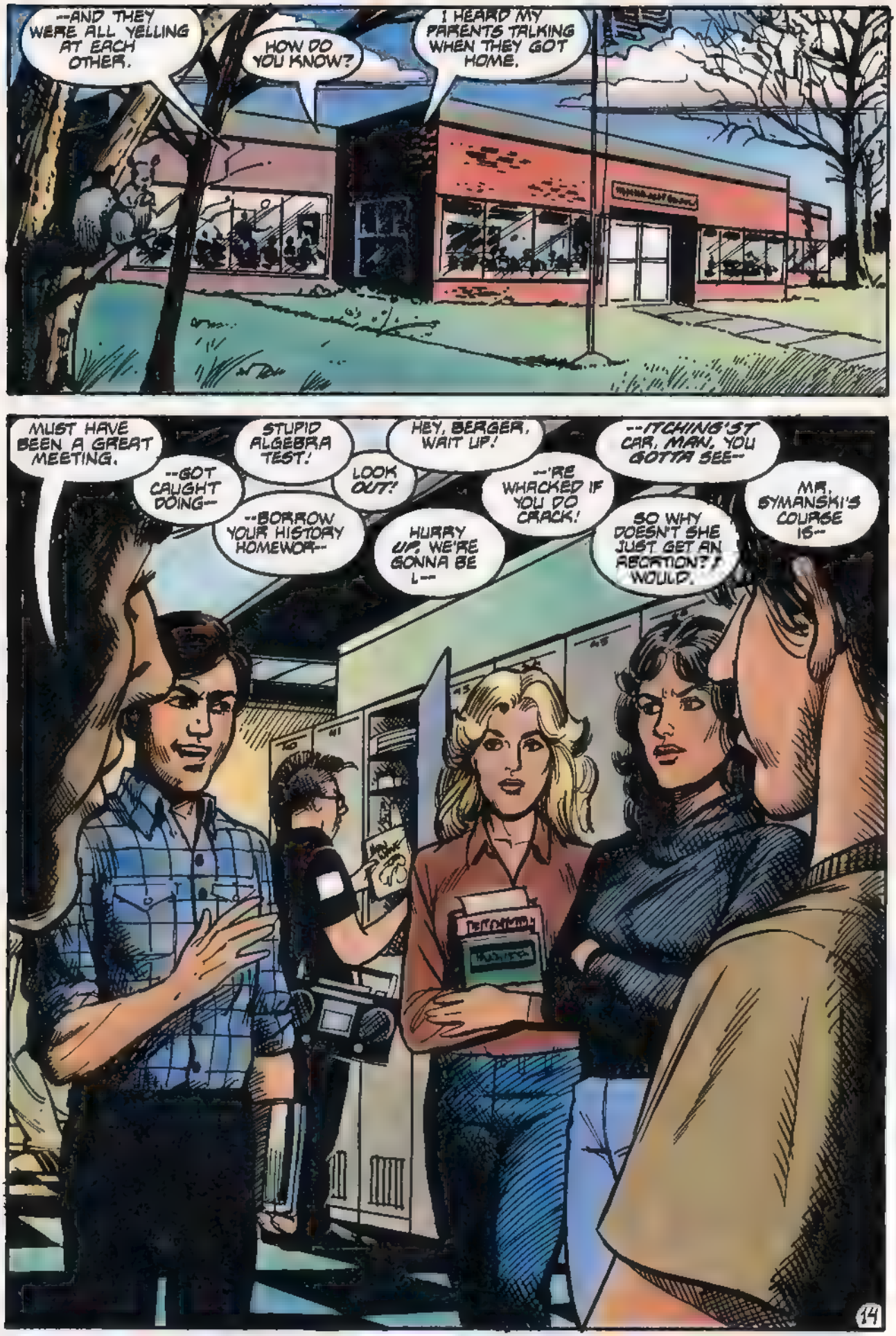

WHAT DO YOU TELL THEM?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WHY COULDN'T THEY STAY IN THE FIREHOUSE?


BECAUSE THEY CAN'T, THAT'S WHY. WE'VE ALREADY TALKED ABOUT THIS.


WHY? THEY TOOK CARE OF THEMSELVES BEFORE THEY MET YOU.
WHO APPOINTED YOU THEIR GUARDIAN?!
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM. I'M THE REASON TACHYON IS HERE. REMEMBER?
AND MEGABYTE WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN DISASSEMBLED IF HE HAD STAYED
BIG DEAL. HE'S ALREADY A PILE OF JUNK.
THAT "PILE OF JUNK" IS PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING YOURS AND DANNY'S HIDES, ELIZABETH! AND YOU KNOW IT!
AND WATCH YOUR TONE OF VOICE, YOUNG LADY.
I'M STILL YOUR FATHER!
ONLY BECAUSE YOU HAPPENED TO SLEEP WITH MY MOTHER!
CRAACKK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY, CAN'T HANDLE THAT YOUR LITTLE GIRL KNOWS WHERE BABIES COME FROM?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE "LU-LIV" GENERATION.
"LUV, PEACE, AND HAPPINESS." "TUNE IN, TURN ON, DROP OUT."
BURN YOUR BRAS AND JOCKSTRAPS, AND MARCH FOR A PIECE OF ASS.
CRAAAACK!
ALL YOU KNOW IS TO HIT!
I OUGHT TO TURN YOU OVER AND GIVE YOU A LICKIN' WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A SPOILED, SELFISH LITTLE BRAT! GO TO YOUR ROOM! YOU'RE GROUNDED!
PEACE, DADDY-O.


AH, SHIT.
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE SLAPPED HER, PROFESSOR HOLMES
I LOST MY TEMPER, ALL RIGHT?!
I SHALL WASH THE DISHES, PROFESSOR HOLMES.
GO TO YOUR DAUGHTER. YOU SHOULD NOT GO TO SLEEP ANGRY WITH EACH OTHER.
STAY OUT OF IT, MEGABYTE!
JESUS, YOU DO SOUND LIKE A NAGGING MOTHER!
WHAT IS WRONG? I HEARD YELLING AS I WAS LANDING.
DO YOU HAVE TEEN-AGE CHILDREN AT HOME, TACHYON?
NO. MY CHILDREN ARE STILL YOUNG.
IT IS A DIFFICULT TIME.
EXCUSE ME, BUT HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
I KNOW.
13


--AND THEY WERE ALL YELLING AT EACH OTHER.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I HEARD MY PARENTS TALKING WHEN THEY GOT HOME.
MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT MEETING.
--GOT CAUGHT DOING--
STUPID ALGEBRA TEST!
--BORROW YOUR HISTORY HOMEWOR--
LOOK OUT!
HEY, BERGER, WAIT UP!
HURRY UP, WE'RE GONNA BE L--
--'RE WHACKED IF YOU DO CRACK!
--ITCHING'ST CAR, MAN, YOU GOTTA SEE--
SO WHY DOESN'T SHE JUST GET AN ABORTION? I WOULD.
MR. SYMANSKI'S COURSE IS--

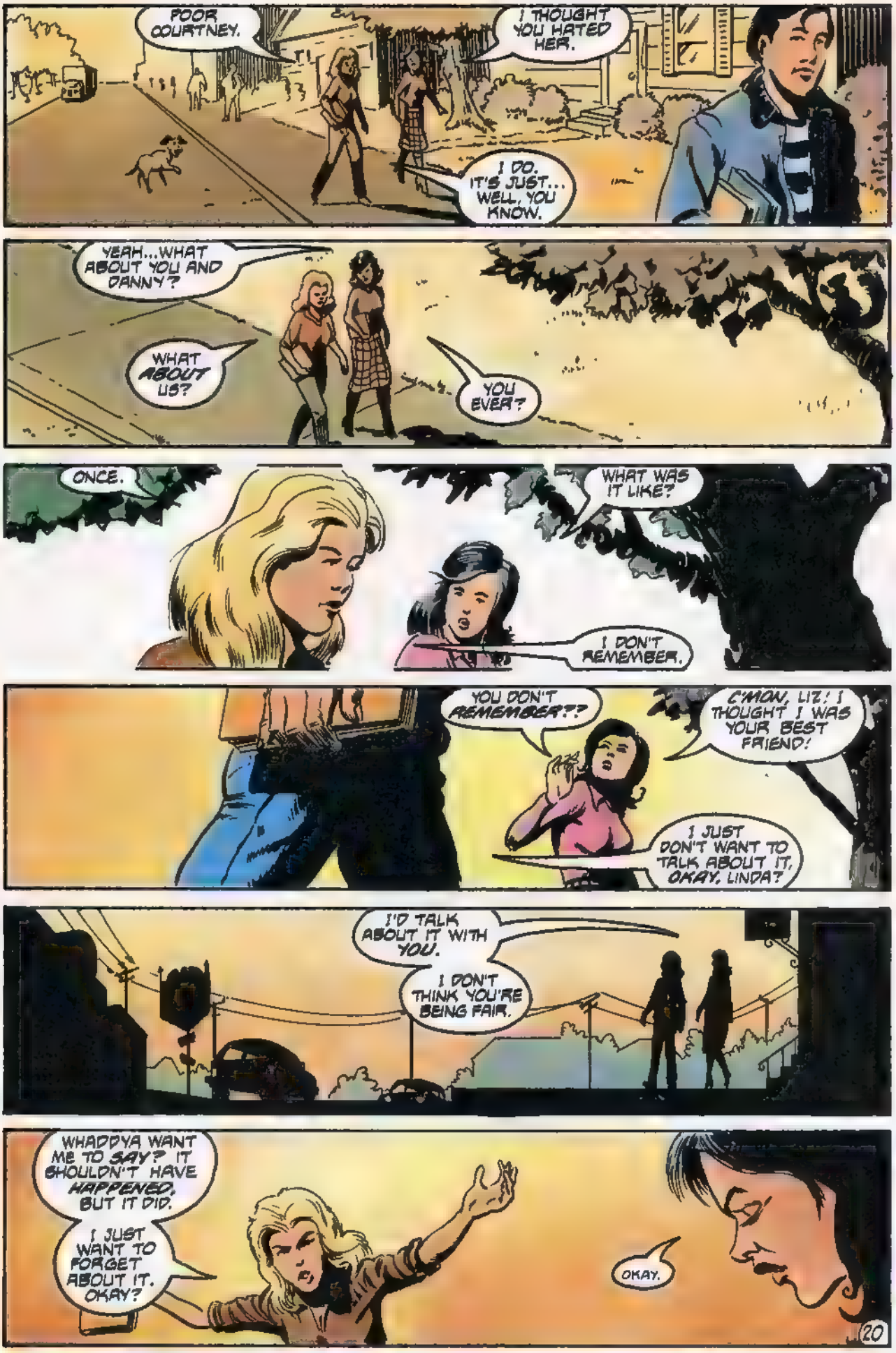
BBRRRRIIINNNNGGGGGG!!
THIS IS YOUR FREE PERIOD, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
WANT TO COME TO THE NEWSPAPER WITH ME? HELP OUT?
OKAY.
ANYTHING WRONG, LIZ? YOU'RE SO QUIET.
HAD A FIGHT WITH MY FATHER.
OH... HE'LL GET OVER IT. THEY ALWAYS DO.
HI, GUYS. LIZ'S GOING TO HELP OUT, OKAY?
SURE. CAN SHE TYPE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
THIS. TYPE IT UP.
WOW.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN YOU OR CAN'T YOU TYPE?
60 WORDS A MINUTE, CHIEF.

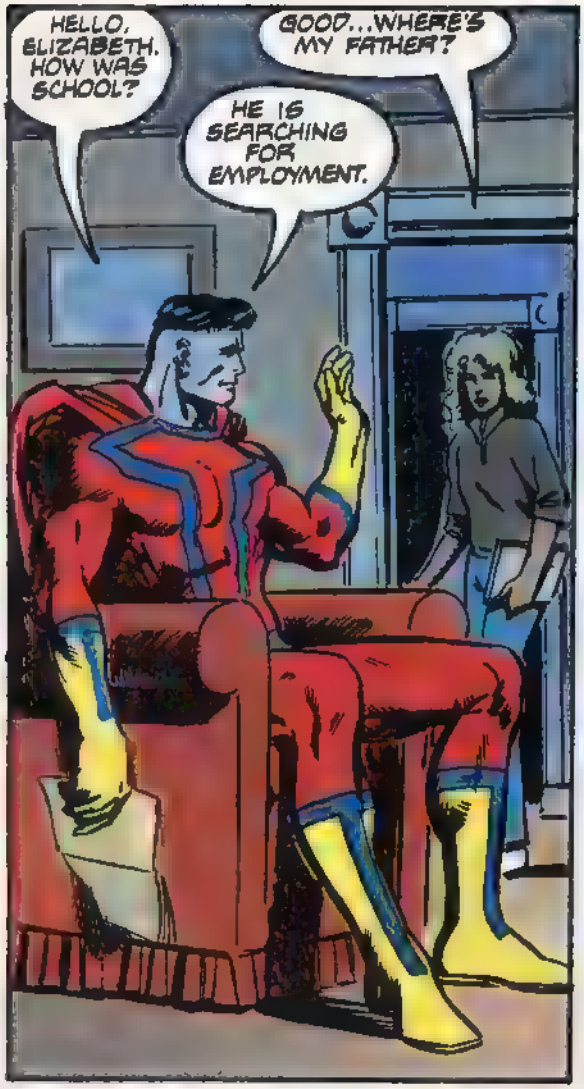
BRRINNG-
BRINNNG...
BRRRING-
BRRINNGG...
BRINNG
BRRINNG-
BRINNGGG...
BRRINNG...
PHONE
C'MON, DOT, PICK IT UP...
BRINNGG
BRINNNGG
HELLO, DOT? IT'S ME. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR DAYS. I WOULD HAVE COME OVER BUT I'VE BEEN BUSY AND ANYWAY YOU NEVER GAVE ME YOUR ADDRESS... HELLO?
PHO
DOT? YOU THERE?

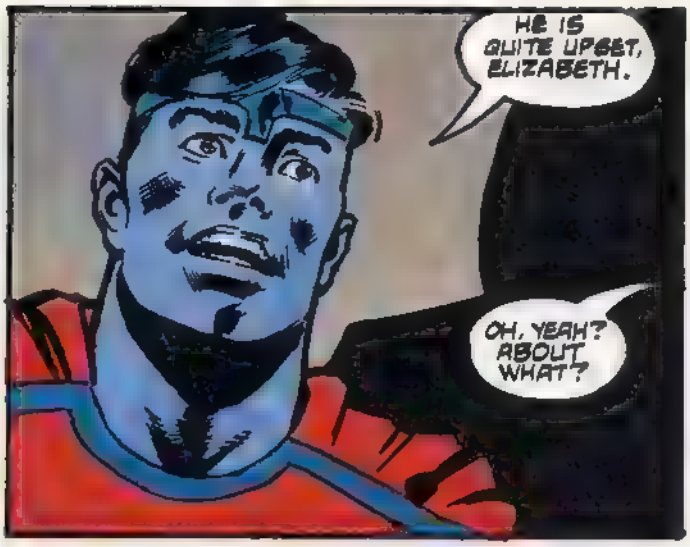
CLIK
DOT?
MMMMMM
C'MON, LADY, I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY.
PHONE
THAT'S WEIRD. MAYBE SOMETHING'S WRONG. MAYBE IT'S THE PHONE.
PHONE
AH, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. LIKES IT BETTER THAT WAY, RIGHT?
RIGHT. SHE'S AN ODD DUCK, ANYWAY.
BESIDES, SHE NEEDS TO FIND ME, SHE KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK.

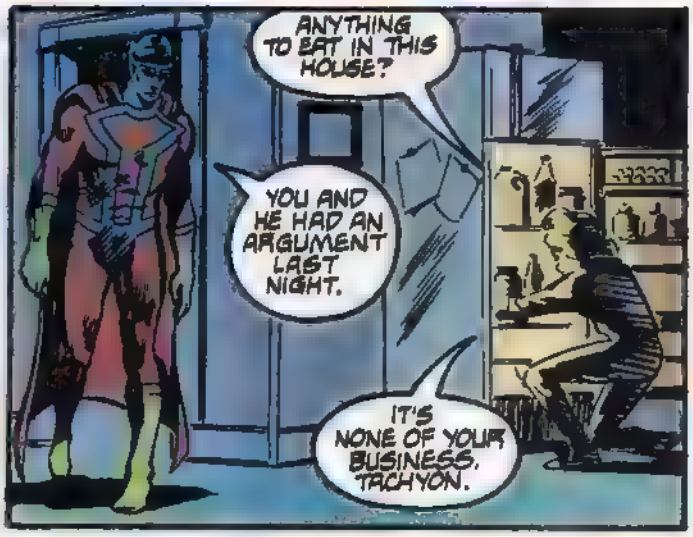
BBRRRAANNNNGGG
--SO WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE PAPER'S STAFF, LIZ? WE COULD USE YOU.
MAYBE.
THAT WAS SOME ARTICLE PAULA WROTE. WHERE'D SHE GET IT?
SHE'S REALLY INTO JOURNALISM, WANTS TO BE A REPORTER.
LOOK, THERE'S JASON. WONDER WHERE COURTNEY IS?
SO WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, JASE?
SHE'S NOT GONNA MAKE YA *MARRY* HER, IS SHE?
I--
WAS SHE AS GOOD AS SHE *LOOKS*?
SHADDUP, BILLY!
DON'T LET HER TALK YOU INTO ANYTHING, JASE. HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S YOURS?
YOU'RE *SUCH* AN ASSHOLE, JASON. DIDN'T YOU USE ANYTHING?
SO SHE GETS AN ABORTION, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? YOU GONNA PAY FOR IT, JASON?
18

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, JOEY!
WHAT'D YOUR PARENTS SAY?
I HAVEN'T TOLD THEM.
I DON'T BLAME YOU!
WHAT ABOUT HER PARENTS?
SHE HASN'T TOLD 'EM... I THINK.
HEY, JASE--
HI, COURT.
GOTTA ADMIT YOU GOT GREAT TASTE, BUDDY.
THEN HOWCUM I GOT YOU FOR A FRIEND?
COURTNEY, WAIT UP!
HENPECKED ALREADY.
I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN HIS SHOES FOR ANY-THING.
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM ...C'MON, B-BALL PRACTICE IS STARTING.
19


POOR COURTNEY.
I THOUGHT YOU HATED HER.
I DO. IT'S JUST... WELL, YOU KNOW.
YEAH...WHAT ABOUT YOU AND DANNY?
WHAT ABOUT US?
YOU EVER?
ONCE.
WHAT WAS IT LIKE?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
YOU DON'T REMEMBER?!
C'MON, LIZ! I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND!
I JUST DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, OKAY, LINDA?
I'D TALK ABOUT IT WITH YOU.
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE BEING FAIR.
WHADDYA WANT ME TO SAY? IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED, BUT IT DID.
I JUST WANT TO FORGET ABOUT IT. OKAY?
OKAY.


HELLO, ELIZABETH. HOW WAS SCHOOL?
GOOD...WHERE'S MY FATHER?
HE IS SEARCHING FOR EMPLOYMENT.


HE IS QUITE UPSET, ELIZABETH.
OH, YEAH? ABOUT WHAT?


ANYTHING TO EAT IN THIS HOUSE?
YOU AND HE HAD AN ARGUMENT LAST NIGHT.
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, TACHYON.

YOU ARE MY FAMILY HERE. THAT MAKES IT MY BUSINESS.
NOT IN MY BOOK.
I GOT A DATE TONIGHT WITH DANNY, SO I GOTTA GO DO MY HOMEWORK NOW, OKAY? I CAN'T TALK.

I SUGGEST YOU WAIT FOR YOUR FATHER SO YOU CAN TALK.
I SUGGEST-- NEVER MIND.

OH, JUST GO AWAY, TACHYON. FLY AWAY OR DO SOMETHING?
21

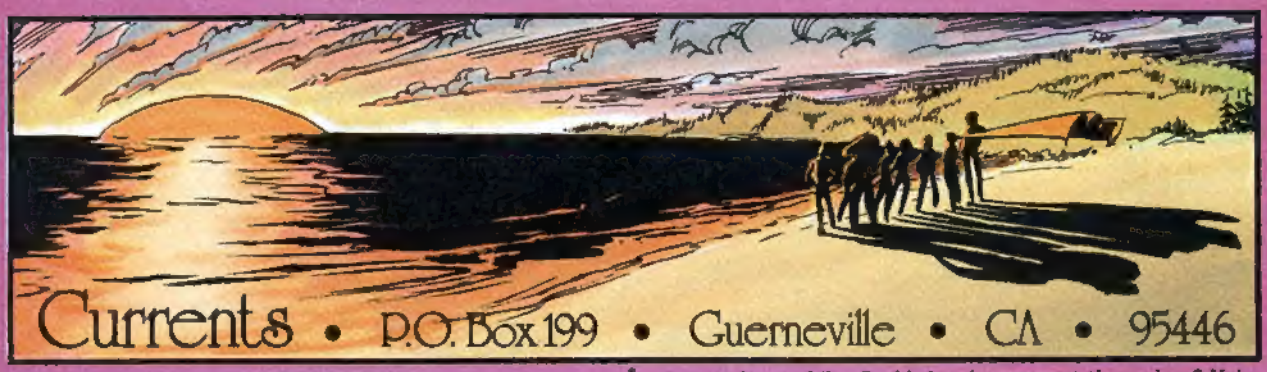
I REALLY THINK YOU OUGHT TO GIVE YOUR OLD MAN A BREAK, LIZZIE.
WHY? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
HE JUST WALTZES INTO MY LIFE AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FALL ALL OVER HIM?
NAH, JUST GIVE HIM A CHANCE. IT'S NOT HIS FAULT HE GOT DUPED BY YOUR MOTHER.
WE BOTH DID, REMEMBER?
EXACTLY. THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD BE NICE TO EACH OTHER.
SPACE SHOT
ZOT ZOT
YOU EVER THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED? THERE?
DING DING
DING DING...
YEAH.
22

IT SEEMS LIKE A DREAM.
AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A NIGHTMARE.
BUT IT HAPPENED.
DIDN'T IT?
UH-HUH.
ABOUT A MONTH AGO, WASN'T IT?
UH-HUH.
YOU GOT IT?
UH-HUH.
READ
TOKERS ONLY
THAT'S A RELIEF.
YEAH.
23

BBBRRINN-NNNGGG!
YOU WANT THIS PASTE-UP HERE?
TAP-TAPPITY-TAP-TAP
YEAH, I THINK IT WOULD--
PAULA, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU.
SURE THING, MR. SIMMONS.
PAULA, I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE OF THE SENSITIVITIES SURROUNDING THE NEW HEALTH EDUCATION CLASSES.
SURE.
YOUR MOTHER BELONGS TO THE PTA. WAS SHE AT THE MEETING THE OTHER NIGHT?
YESSIR.
DID SHE TELL YOU ABOUT IT?
SHE SAID NOTHING WAS RESOLVED.
THAT ALL?
SHE SAID EVERYBODY WAS ACTING LIKE MR. SYZMANSKI DISCOVERED SEX.

KNOWING YOUR MOTHER'S WAY WITH WORDS, I'M SURE SHE SAID A LOT MORE.
WHAT'S GOING ON, MR. SIMMONS?
I CAN'T PRINT THIS THE WAY IT STANDS, PAULA.
SO LIZ IS A LOUSY TYPIST. WE NEED THE HELP, MR. SIMMONS.
IT'S NOT THE TYPING, IT'S NOT EVEN THE WORDS.
IT'S WHAT IT SAYS.
I RESEARCHED THAT ARTICLE MYSELF, MR. SIMMONS. THERE'S NOTHING IN THERE THAT'S UNTRUE.
PAULA, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE ARTICLE BY ITSELF. I TEACH HERE. I KNOW WHAT GOES ON.
I'M BEHIND MR. SYZMANSKI'S DESIRE TO HAVE BETTER SEX EDUCATION CLASSES. BELIEVE ME.
BUT THIS ARTICLE WOULD ONLY HURT HIS CHANCES OF PUSHING IT THROUGH.
MR. SIMMONS, THAT ARTICLE COULD HELP STOP A LOT OF KIDS FROM BECOMING UNEXPECTED PARENTS. HOW CAN YOU NOT RUN THE ARTICLE? IT'S A GOOD STORY!
THIS SCHOOL CAN'T AFFORD TO OFFEND ANYONE RIGHT NOW. BOARD ELECTIONS ARE COMING UP--
THAT'S BULLSHIT! YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR SEAT!
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE.
WHAT ABOUT FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?
THIS IS A SCHOOL NEWSPAPER, NOT THE NEW YORK TIMES. I SAY THE STORY IS DEAD.
25

MINDY NEWELL~WRITER • LEE WEEKS+CO.~ARTIST • CARRIE SPIEGLE~LETTERER • SAM PARSONS~COLORS
SEAN DEMING~EDITOR • CAT YRONWODE~EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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A TRUE STORY
(Sort of)

Once upon a time there was a little girl who loved to read.

Sometimes this got the little girl in trouble. Like when her Mommy called her to come eat supper and she didn't come because she was reading. Or like when she broke a glass while helping with the dishes because she was reading at the same time. Or like when she got caught reading under the covers by flashlight after she was supposed to be asleep.

But nobody ever told the little girl she couldn't read. Not even Miss Smith, who was the nicest teacher in the whole world except that she made the little girl stay after school on her birthday because the little girl was reading **Action Comics** instead of doing her long division. Miss Smith was very angry and took the little girl's comic book away, and the little girl had to do a hundred more long divisions; but afterwards Miss Smith smiled and gave the little girl back her comic book and even told her happy birthday. The little girl said she was sorry and that she knew she had been wrong, and then ran all the way home because her friends were waiting there to sing happy birthday, and they couldn't do that until the little girl blew out the candles and cut the cake.

Later, while they were putting away her presents, the little girl told her Mommy and Daddy what happened. They said Miss Smith was right, because little girls shouldn't read comic books when they are supposed to be doing their long division. But because it was her birthday, the little girl could stay up late.

So the little girl got into bed and finished reading about Linda Lee Danvers and Lesla-Lar, and she didn't even have to use her flashlight.

Actually, her Mommy and Daddy were very proud of her reading. They always let her read whatever she wanted, even when it was something that was supposed to be for grown-ups.

Not that they didn't get mad sometimes. Like once, when the little girl was sick, and had to stay home from school, she found some magazines in her Daddy's nightstand. They were called **Playboy** and had pictures of naked women in them. They also had stories and cartoons and even a comic strip about a lady named Little Annie Fanny. The little girl knew that grown-up men and women fell in love and got married and had babies and kissed and hugged a lot, especially on Sunday mornings when people were allowed to stay in bed as long as they wanted. She also knew that when she was sixteen she would have a steady boyfriend who would give her his ring to wear, and who would take her to movies and dances, and sometimes come along to keep her company while she babysat, just like John sometimes came with Irene when Irene babysat her. (She even knew steady boyfriends and girlfriends kissed on the couch because she spied on Irene and John once.)

So the little girl wasn't especially shocked at her Daddy's **Playboys.** Maybe fascinated was a better word. And curious. Not that looking at the stuff made her want to go out and kiss a boy! (It was hard enough to just get up enough courage to ask Mark if she could carry his books home from school!) But somewhere deep inside the little girl's mind she knew that someday she might want to kiss a boy... and so the little girl kept on reading.

All of a sudden, her Mommy was there, and even though her Mommy didn't yell, the little girl knew she was kinda in trouble. She had to put the magazines away and go back to her room, and wait for her Mommy. The little girl waited, thinking she was going to get a spanking, which sometimes happened when she was bad. But all Mommy did was come in with some tea with milk and honey, take her temperature, and give her some more baby aspirin. The little girl couldn't figure it out, exactly.

She guessed her Mommy and Daddy couldn't figure it out, either, 'cause neither one of them ever yelled at her about it, although that night she could hear them talking a lot in the kitchen. Then they both came into her room and gave her a big kiss and a hug, and her Daddy said she shouldn't go into other people's stuff, and her Mommy said she shouldn't be in such a rush to grow up, but neither one said anything about couldn't.

It was all very strange. The **Playboys** weren't half as neat as **Peter Pan** or **My Friend Flicka.** The little girl was surprised her Mommy and Daddy didn't know that. But they still seemed mad about something. She asked them. Her Mommy laughed. She said they weren't angry at her. Then they left. The little girl thought about it for a while. Could they be angry at themselves? Nah, that was weird. Maybe they were mad because she was growing up? That was really stupid! The little girl went to sleep.

One day the little girl was talking with her Daddy about reading. He told her he loved to read too because he learned things. He told her never to stop reading because then she would never stop learning. She told him she read because it was neat, and not because she wanted to learn. That was what school was for. Daddy laughed, and said that she was, too, learning. "Think about it, kid," he said, and went to work.

The little girl thought about it. She had learned some things. Like what it would be like never to grow up and what to do when a fairy was dying. She knew the way to Never-Never Land (second star to the right and straight on to morning...she could see the star from her window at night) and the secret to being able to fly (fairy dust and wonderful thoughts, unless you were born on a planet with a red sun and heavier gravity). The little girl had learned that "flicka" means "little girl" in Swedish, and that you never put your heels into a horse's flank (squeeze with your calves). She knew there were mountains in Wyoming called the Grand Tetons, and that the green grass came in late May or early June, and that it was real important to ranchers. She knew Anne of Green Gables lived on Prince Edward Island, which was a real place in Canada near Newfoundland which was near Maine. She had learned about dinosaurs and butterflies, and about waveries which were things from outer space which came to Earth and ate up all the electricity so everybody had to go back to the old days and use steam and ride on horses and in carriages (she thought that was really neat...a horse was better than a car any old day), and she had learned a whole bunch of other stuff. Her Daddy was right.

The next day she went to the library in her school, because it was Tuesday and her class always went to the library on Tuesday. She looked at all the books, trying to decide which one she wanted to read. Her eyes went higher and higher, until at last she saw the book she wanted. But it was high up and she couldn't reach it. So the little girl asked Miss Smith to get it for her. Miss Smith said okay, and being so much taller than the little girl, was able to reach the book easy. Then the little girl went to the librarian to check it out.

"You can't read this."

"Yes, I can." The little girl read the title for the librarian, and even the name of the author. "See?"

"No. It's too old for you and you can't read it. Put it back."

The little girl started crying, because no one had ever told her she couldn't read something. But the librarian didn't care. Miss Smith had to put the book back.

The rest of the day, the little girl was very sad.

Until she remembered something.

After school, she went home, and told her Mommy she wanted to go someplace. Her Mommy said, "Sure, we can go, and I can stop at the supermarket along the way."

They had a nice time. The little girl got what she wanted, and her Mommy bought meat for hamburgers and potatoes for french fries, and veggies for the little girl to grow on. When they got home, the little girl's Daddy was waiting for them. Everybody kissed each other, and then Daddy read the newspaper while Mommy made dinner and the little girl did her homework. Then, while they were eating, the little girl told her Mommy and Daddy about what happened at school.

Her Mommy and Daddy got very upset, but then the little girl said, "Wait, I want to show you something." Her Mommy already knew what it was, and while the little girl went to get the something, her Mommy talked to her Daddy, who was angrier than the little girl had ever seen him.

The little girl came back to the table, but before she had a chance to show her Daddy, he grabbed her and gave a big hug and said he was prouder of her than ever! Then he winked, and said, "See, I told you that you learned from reading."

"Sure, Daddy, that's how I knew about the public library."

"No, baby, that's how you learned to think for yourself."

The little girl shrugged. She didn't really know what he meant. But she couldn't wait to go to bed and get under the covers and turn on the flashlight and start reading. She looked at the book.

The Black Stallion. By Walter Farley.

It sounded great!

Mindy Newell

And now the letters . . .

Dear Mindy,

Okay, let's talk lettercol this time. In #7, the matter of using "unacceptable" language was brought forth. You made some good points about this possibly being the thin wedge of censorship, and how freedom of expression is both precious and necessary, and so on. However, you also said that you felt you had, indeed, made too much use of certain words in your script. Fair enough. Admirably balanced, in fact.

You then went on to list many words that you would never let your daughter use (and hence, by implication, words you feel are most objectionable), which mostly had to do with race or nationality. Again, this is fine. Such slurs are indeed not acceptable. However, I found myself wondering why racial and nationality slurs should be more objectionable than other words, which mostly are offensive on the grounds of religion or propriety. If we do not feel it proper to downgrade a person's race, why is it less odious to do so with his religion? If we do not want to offend people on the basis of their nationality, why should we feel any less so about proper social conduct?

Now, this is a bit unfair of me, since you could hardly be expected to list all of the offensive words, but I find it interesting that they all fell in the same category, and I was just wondering at the reason for this. This is in the spirit of inquiry, not of criticism, let me hasten to add.

In any event, I think there is one word you can remove from your list of improper epithets, namely, "Canuck." This is, of course, a word meaning "Canadian." However, I know of no one who takes offense at the use of that term. We don't use it that much, but we do use it to denote ourselves. It is not derogatory. In fact, in nineteenth century political cartoons, there was a character (a young lad in knee breeches) called Johnny Canuck who symbolized Canada in much the same way that John Bull stood for England or Uncle Sam represents the United States. Even today, the Vancouver team in the National Hockey League is called the Canucks!

Maybe I've led a sheltered life, but there were a few words on your list that I did not recognize. Though I must add that, sadly, I know *other* words that just as well could have been included.

Yours truly,
T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

Balance is the measure, T.M., and I really think I lost it on that first issue. I think it was a reaction to having worked on so many books at DC that are stamped with the Comics Code Authority's seal of approval... except for ***Lois Lane****, which, to my knowledge, was never submitted to the CCA, anyway. I'm not saying DC's books are the worse for that seal.* ***Amethyst****, which I work on, is a fantasy, and earthly four-letter words have no, or little, place in it. Besides,* ***Amethyst*** *is aimed at a different audience than* ***The New Wave****. Anyway, I was kinda like a kid playing hookey from school... exhilarated and daring at first, but bored by the end of the day. As for my list... I can't help believing there's a big difference between calling someone an asshole and calling someone nigger, or kike, or mick, or polak. Everyone acts like an asshole sometimes, but I've never heard of six million assholes being systematically slaughtered by anyone, have you? Two weeks ago, I was at the Giants game (that's football, not baseball, for you non-athletic types unaware of sports seasons). In the section next to mine, two men started arguing, loud enough for our section to hear. Schmuck!... Motherfucker!... Bastard!... Son-of-a-bitch!... but it wasn't until ... FUCKING NIGGER!... that fists started swinging and there was bloodlust loosed... a bigger battle was on in the stands than down on the field between Giants and Eagles. That one word suddenly separated these guys into "me and you, us vs. them"... and that is the difference, the danger. Hitler started a war with words like "Aryan" and "master race," used pronouncements like "The Jews are undoubtedly a race, but they are not human" to fan the constant embers of fear, jealousy and paranoia and hatred into a raging inferno that swept through Europe, leaving behind a mass graveyard instead of a continent. And don't think he only went to work on "The Jewish Problem." His SS, his death commandos, practiced first on the insane, the physically and mentally handicapped, the old, the chronically sick, the young, nuns, priests, communists, socialists... and he had plans for the rest of the "non-Aryan" nations, too. By the way, T.M., are the Jews a race or a religion? When I was in Europe, I didn't tell people I was Jewish; I said I was American. Or are we a sociological culture? (There's a world of difference between a charge-card carrying New York Jew and a Yemenite Jew.) Answer that one, and you'll win the right to sing Kol Nidre on Yom Kippur, even if you're a little green man from Mars. So you see, we all fall into the trap of Hobson's "Gentlemen's Agreement"... me, too. For all my chatter and big mouth, I have trouble saying yes to a date with someone who isn't Jewish... even though I always put down "Human" on those official documents that ask what race you are... white, black, yellow, or other. —mn*

Dear Mindy,

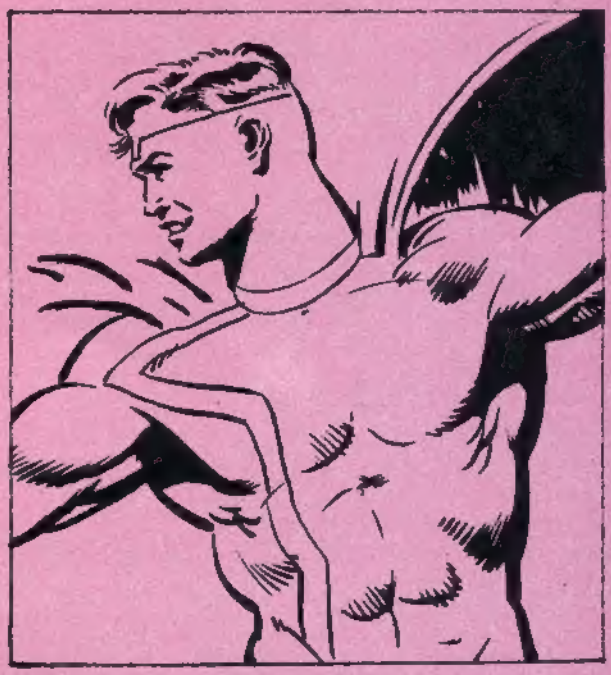
It's me again! Peter Prommist! Thanks for printing my letter in **New Wave #7.** I've been writing to letter columns since 1960, but Stan Lee and Jim Shooter and Denny O'Neil never printed any of my letters. They did send me a couple of answers, however. Anyway, about **New Wave:**

I'm not trying to censor your book! I'm just trying to seek good taste, like Charlie Tuna. You listed twenty-six words that you would hassle your daughter for saying. But outside of faggot, nigger, and spic, I don't understand why those others are there. Canuck was one of them, and that is the name of Vancouver's hockey team. Would you really wash out your daughter's mouth with soap for saying the name of a hockey team? Sounds like child abuse to me. Coon is Davy Crockett's hat, a Frog is an animal like a toad, Shine is either a Southern alcoholic drink or what you do to your shoes, and Dyke is what they use to keep Holland dry. But please explain what is a Kike, Hebe, Wop, Mick, Gook, Wog, Guinea, Heinie, Sheeny, Offay, Grease-ball, Jigaboo? I have never heard these words before, so I don't understand them. Maybe you can list for us the words that keep **The New Wave** from having the Comic Code Authority's stamp on it? About that **Playboy** and **Penthouse** discrimination business, I have looked at both books and I don't understand why anybody would pay money for that stuff. But since letting those silly male chauvinists buy those books at 7-11 doesn't hurt me, I say let them have their dirty pictures as long as they don't force the sensitive boys like me to look at it.

Tell the truth, you're Dot, aren't you? Tell me something: there's no straps on Dot's goggles, so are they glued on, or what? And her costume has no accent to it. I think Dot needs a black belt and a white cape and some running shoe-boots with flat bottoms instead of those tipsey tripsey high heels. That's all for now!

Peter Prommist
Basement Mail Slot
6216 S. Champlain
Chicago, Illinois 60637

The Bill of Rights is alive and well and living on these pages.—mn

Next . . .

Tachyon is lost in America, and so embarks on a journey to find his way... and his trek takes him to that metropolis of the world, New York City. If he can make it there, he'll make it anywhere... but first he discovers "It's Not Easy Being Blue." In thirty days. —Mindy